

The Bethel Courier.

A Weekly Family Newspaper, Central in Politics, devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Education, the Mechanic Arts, and the News of the Day.

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The Bethel Courier.

SEITH & BUTTS, Proprietors.

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O'er our summer hours in this land,
And doth our minds and hearts unite
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What is it that in early days,
When Red Men dwelt among these hills,
Who braving dangers great and stern,
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What is it that in latter days,
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What is it that on all the News,
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Then would you have a pleasant guest,
To make your life go merrier,
Why call at Freeman's Block, and just
Secure "The Bethel Courier"!

History of Bethel.

By Dr. N. T. True.

CHAPTER XXV.

After we had rested here some hours, we set out on our journey for Canada in their canoes. They having got rid of their fears, unbound us by day and bound us by night, till we had got to our journey's end.

They conveyed us from Umbagog lake in a small river, which I believe to be the Magalloway. They went some way on this river. Here they shot a moose; and boiled and roasted some of the meat, and fell to eating like dogs; but we poor prisoners could eat but little, having neither bread nor salt; yet we were hungry. They carried here some time. They cut some meat from the body of the moose, and partly dried it in the smoke, and put it into our packs. Our packs being heavy already, and we much worn down with hunger and fatigue, could not carry much of the moose meat with us. The Indians expected to kill more on the way, but they did not. Three of the Indians made themselves moccasins of the hide of the moose.

We again set out on our journey for Canada, by land. We had high and rough mountains to travel over, and dismal swamps to pass through, day after day. We were weary and faint. The Indians could get nothing for themselves, or for us to eat. We had now very serious thoughts, lest we should perish in the wilderness. Our strength and spirits failing and sinking so fast in our deplorable situation, that we feared the Indians would kill us, if we gave out; but we mustered all the courage and strength possible, lest we should be destroyed by them.

One night, where we stopped, the Indians took their moccasins, which they had made of the hide of the moose, which they had killed before, from their feet. They were much worn at the bottom and tainted, by reason of the hot weather. They threw them away, and we prisoners picked them up, roasted and eat them. This poor repast strengthened us a little. The Indians had a calf moose skin with them. They burst off the hair from it, they boiled it, and gave us a part thereof to eat. Through the goodness and mercy of God, we had strength to go on our journey, in hopes we should soon get to the end of it.

We, after some time, struck upon the waters of the river St. Francis. It was at first but a small brook. On the second day, we found it grew much larger. This night we came to the main branch of this river, and encamped for the night. The next morning an Indian told me, that after travelling a little way, we should come to three canoes, which they took up the river in the spring, when the water was high; and that they had some corn, and meant to catch fish. We were very glad to hear this welcome news. We took courage and travelled on till night. When we came to the canoe, we were weary and tired, and almost worn out with hunger and toil. They boiled the corn, and gave us some of it to eat. We were now somewhat refreshed

Selected Tale.

THE YOUNG BRAKEMAN.

BY M. A. AVERY.

"Go it, Ned, you're a gallant fellow," shouted the railroad boys, laughingly; as Ned Lovell unexpectedly caught a fair lady in his outstretched arms. She had missed her footing in stepping from the cars at the Lannay station, upon a cold winter's day; and but for Ned's observant eye and ready hand, would have had a severe fall.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, anxiously, as he placed the lady upon her feet and looked into her beautiful, blushing face.

"No, only vexed that I should make such a ridiculous blunder," she replied.

"It was nothing. Let the fools laugh. Are you alone?"

"I expected a friend, but I do not see him anywhere."

"Condescend to take my arm then, and I will conduct you into the station-house," said Ned, gallantly.

"Thanks; you are very kind," she whispered, as she did so.

"No, the kindness is all on your side. You honor a poor brakeman by your condescension. Good-by."

Edward bowed himself out, sprang up to his station, and was whirled away by his scorching steam-speed, with a heart so full of new and surprising sensations as to make him forgetful for a time, of his necessary duties.

"What a fool I am," he mentally murmured, when reminded of neglect, "to be so upset by a pair of bright eyes and rosy lips; whose owner is evidently as far above me as the heavens are above the earth. Her crimson tippet alone would buy my whole wardrobe a dozen times over, to say nothing of the plumes, silks and velvets. I must forget this brilliant vision."

Did he ever forget it, or cease to look for that passenger when the train stopped at the Lannay station? We think not. But spring came and went without her, and the smiling summer had already clothed the earth with her flowery carpets, when one day neared the well remembered station again, with the beautiful image in his mind.

For some distance before reaching Lannay village, the road ran through a deep cut, with steep banks on each side, at an angle of thirty or forty degrees; upon the top of one of which guarded only by a slight railing, ran the public highway. As they neared the location, letting off steam as usual to stop the train at the depot, Edward noticed the advance of an elegant equipage towards them upon the highway; and presently saw that the horse was rearing and plunging, frightened at the shrieking engine, and quite unmanageable.

Nearer and nearer it came, and just as it was with a few yards of the train the wheel crashed against the railing the carriage upset, and its occupant, a pale, white-haired old man, was thrown forcibly over, and came rolling helplessly down towards the railroad. In an instant he would have been crushed beneath the remorseless engine, had not Edward, quick as thought, bounded from the train and caught him just in time to save him from a horrible death, which he would have shared with him but for frail support of a sprig of laurel, at which he caught as he was himself slipping down with his helpless burden.

He dragged the frightened old man up the steep bank, helped him over the railing, and then without waiting for thanks, ran back towards the station-house, fearing the train would start before he could reach his post.

As he did so, a glittering object at his feet arrested his attention, and stooping down he picked up an elegant gold watch, with a part of the guard chain attached, which the old gentleman had evidently lost in his unlucky gyrations. He had but just time to get to his post before he was whirled away amid the cheers of the bystanders, who had witnessed the spectacle, and before his terrified protégé had at all collected his scattered senses.

"You're always in luck, Ned Lovell, whether it's for catching up pretty girls, or miserably old curmudgeons," shouted Bill Snooks; "but hang me if I'd risk my life for such an old wretch as Phil Lee!"

"You know the gentleman, then?" "I've reason to know him, the hypocritical old reprobate. He's as rich as Croesus, but as tight as the bark of a tree to his help."

"But why do you think him so mean and miserly?"

"Because he pretends to piety, and yet all the time keeps heaping up riches, in the shape of stocks, and mills, and city lots, and broad acres, which he'll most likely take to another world with him when he goes, for fear it would do somebody some good here if he left it. I expect he starved his wife to death, when she died; and his only daughter I've no doubt he'd swap away for a gold piece any day."

"You seem very bitter against him; perhaps your judgement is warped in some way."

"Not at all. Wight will tell you that I speak the truth. We've both been in his employ, I reckon."

"Yes, indeed," echoed Wight, "and a meaner man I never wish to see. Your heroism is thrown away in saving the life of such a man, Ned Lovell. You'd better let him have gone to the deuce, and done with it."

A few weeks after this, as Edward was stepping from the train in the Boston depot, he unexpectedly encountered the same old gentleman he had picked up on the road, and taking the watch from his pocket, he stepped up and asked if it belonged to him.

"Yes, indeed," said the gentleman with a smile, "here are my initials engraved on the back. But how—where—" he looked up, but Edward had vanished. He would not wait to be questioned, or thanked by a character so despicable as he supposed Phil Lee to be; and he scorned the idea of taxing the generosity of a miser for a reward.

But Edward was deceived after all by his associates, who had been dismissed from the gentleman's employ for gross neglect of duty; for he was really a good, generous, and noble-spirited man, though a proud one; rapidly increasing in wealth, it is true but getting it honestly, and spending it for good and philanthropic purposes. He knew Edward at once, and being deeply grateful for the life he had saved, and highly pleased with the honesty he displayed in returning the watch so promptly, he was a good deal disappointed at his leaving him so suddenly.

"This young man evidently wishes to remain unknown to me," he said to himself. "I discover the ingenueness of modest diffidence in his countenance, as well as an uncommon share of energy and good sense. They tell me he is only a common hand upon the road, but I am very sure he is capable of filling much higher positions. I must look to it by-and-by."

Being an ingenious, witty, good-looking and generous-hearted fellow, Edward was admired and appreciated by his set; but as he was young, poor, unpolished, and had no powerful friends

to recommend him, he had hitherto been compelled to toil in the ranks with little prospect of promotion elsewhere.

But a change came at last, and promotions followed so rapidly that he himself wondered how his merits came to be discovered and appreciated. He proved himself capable of every trust committed to his charge, however, and now that the spirit of ambition was fairly roused, it seemed astonishing how fast he improved in person, mind and manners.

After confining himself to his dangerous business for many months, Edward got a month's leave of absence, and went to visit his widowed mother in the country.

She was poor and partly dependant upon his exertions for a support. But since he left home she had taken a few boarders from the fashionable school lately established there, and when he had visited her since, their presence had been rather annoying to him. But now it was vacation, he reflected, and they would all be gone, and when he left the cars a mile or two from home, and marched off across the fields, in preference to the stage he looked forward with pleasure to the long uninterrupted interview he should have with a mother who was very dear to him.

His course led along the banks of a little lake, where he had often wandered and sported in childhood, and he was standing in a deeply shaded nook that overlooked the lake, thinking intently of the past; when his musings were interrupted by the rustling of the leaves and branches near him; and a minute afterwards, a female form crept into view, upon the lower branch of an old tree that grew out horizontally over the water, some twenty feet.

Her face was half concealed by an odious bloomer hat; but the fine form, and graceful motions, could not fail to arrest his attention; and the trouble she had in arranging her fashionable skirts excited his mirth to such a pitch that decorum alone prevented his indulging in a hearty burst of laughter. Having arranged them at last to her satisfaction, the young lady sat down in the crooked seat he remembered of old, took a book from her pocket, and went to reading.

But her mind evidently soon wandered from the printed page to the works of nature around her; and in looking up she discovered the tiny nest of a humming bird upon one of the drooping branches. She rose suddenly, and in stepping forward with the book in one hand, and the other outstretched towards the prize, her foot slipped, and she was precipitated down.

But O, Shade of Egeus! what a fall was there! Those showy ornamental, ropes, hoops and what not, caught firmly upon a broken branch, and in spite of her shrieks and struggles, hung the earth, with her head and shoulders submerged in the dark waters.

Edward forgot to laugh at the ridiculousness of her position, when he saw the imminent danger she was in from drowning; but with his usual readiness, he pulled out and opened his jackknife, while running with all speed to the rescue. The water was not more than waist deep; and rushing in as quickly as possible, he raised the fair maiden out of it with one hand, while he backed off the odious hoops with the other, and then brought her safe to land.

She had struggled and swung herself out of the water, and shrieked and tore at her stout garments, till she was strangled, and her strength exhausted, and had no powerful friends

(Continued on the fourth page.)

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[Continued from First Page]

exhausted, and now she was black in the face and nearly senseless.

He laid her gently down upon the soft, mossy bank, and was parting the dark, dishevelled hair from her face, when she caught her breath and began to revive. He then raised her to a sitting posture, and supported her with his arm, till she became sensible of surrounding objects. He watched the changing hues upon her countenance with the deepest interest, and when it resumed its natural color, he ventured to ask in a low tone if she was better.

As she turned and looked up eagerly in his face, the truth flashed upon her palpitating mind, and overcome with shame and confusion, she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"Do not let it distress you," he said, guessing her feelings; "we are all liable to accidents, and let us thank God that this did not end fatally."

Deeply mortified at the accident, and frightened to find herself in the arms of a stranger, the girl started up as soon as she had collected her senses and ran away with the speed of an antelope.

"That's cool, any way," exclaimed Edward, as he looked after her with an eager, half-provoked air. "She didn't even stop to thank me for this ducking, to say nothing of all the anxiety she has given me for a year or more." For in this pretty wood nymph, he had discovered his fair innamorata of the Laundry station.

He sat down and mused upon it for a while regretfully, and then hunting up his carpet bag, he took out a pretty, white summer suit, made himself presentable, and marched on towards home. He had sent no word of his coming, hoping to give his mother a pleasant surprise, so in he walked without ringing, just as they were sitting down to dinner.

"Why, Edward, did you run down to us?" said his mother, as she rose to greet him; and then turning, she presented, "my son" — Miss Jennie Le Roy, one of my boarders, who is spending the vacation with me, in the absence of her father from the city."

Edward could hardly command his countenance, when in Miss Le Roy he recognized the heroine of the morning; and the maiden herself sufficiently betrayed her confusion at the sight of him. She rose, as if to fly from the room; then sat down again, blushing to the roots of her hair, and seeming more than half inclined to cry. He saw it all and charitably withdrew his mother's attention from her till the meal was nearly over; and then the old lady being called out of the room, he said, "I hope you feel no bad effects from your accident this morning?"

"No," said Miss Jennie, and her face flushed up in an instant. "But I will not stay here to be the butt of your ridicule and the laughing stock of the whole village. I will go home this very day." And up she rose to leave the room.

"Forgive me," said Edward, as he intercepted her flight, "if I wounded your feelings by alluding to the subject; and believe me when I say that you will meet with no ridicule or exposure from me, and no one else knows anything of the occurrence."

"But it mortifies me to think—" she began.

"Think nothing about it then; or if you do, remember that you were saved from a fearful death," said he, seriously.

"You must think me an ungrateful girl, but I am not," said she, smilingly; "I am deeply sensible of the value of the service you rendered me on this, and I believe as a former occasion; but I must confess that I am foolishly sensitive to ridicule. Will you pardon my rudeness and seeming ingratitude?"

"Yes, if you will promise not to run away because of my coming home," he answered, laughingly.

Whether she promised or not, the young lady did not run away, and strangely enough, before the month was over, she forgot that she was a

rich man's daughter and he a poor woman's son. Young and unblackened in worldly wisdom, she thought of no harm from the intimate companionship that grew up between them; nor did she analyze her own feelings enough to know why it was she derived so much pleasure from his society. Gradually as their acquaintance progressed, she forgot rank and cast, in looking into his handsome face, or listening to his eloquent voice; and when leaning upon his arm in their pleasant woodland rambles, or mingling in the home circle which his presence made a paradise, she little dreamed how immeasurably her friends would think she was descending in the social scale by such companionship. But their parting at the end of the month, and the feeling of desolation that came over her after he was gone, gave her some clue to the secret of her heart's mystery.

But Edward himself was not so ignorant of the state of his own feelings. He knew that he loved her from the first; but he also knew how wide a chasm separated them; a chasm which hope and ambition whispered he might leap at some future time, if he could inspire her with kindred sentiments. He dared not ask her if he had done this, as yet; though the question trembled upon his lips in the hour of parting; but he resolved to accept the invitation to call upon her in her city home, and did so a few months afterwards. He knew that she was then moving like a brilliant star in the most fashionable circles, and hardly dared to approach her in her splendid mansion; but he did so, and was received with evident pleasure. He repeated the call again and again, with like success, and each successive visit his hopes grew brighter.

"What young man was that I met upon the steps as I came in to-night Jennie?" said that young lady's father to his daughter one evening.

"I suppose it was Mr. Lovell," said Jennie, with a blush.

"Lovell—Lovell—I know of no respectable young man of that name, I am sure. Pray tell us who he is?" And he gave her a keen, searching look.

"He is the son of the lady I boarded with in the country last year," said Jennie, faintly.

"What a poor country clown! Surely you are not keeping up a clandestine acquaintance with such a fellow as that. Tell me, has he been here before?"

"He has," said Jennie, faintly.

"How many times?"

"I cannot tell."

"Ah, then I have purposely been kept in ignorance of the fact," said he frowningly. "Is it not so?"

"No, dear father, but he always happened to call in your hours of business, and I am sure I thought no harm of it."

"Well, it's time the acquaintance was dropped, and you may tell him so if he calls again."

"But father," said she, beseechingly.

"Let there be no buts about it. Those people were poor and low, and not fit associates, for the heiress of all my wealth; and if I had known that woman had a son, I would not have allowed you to remain there so long."

Jennie dared not reply to this, for she had been taught to yield unquestioning obedience to her father's wishes, but from some cause her pillow that night was wet with tears.

When Edward called again he thought Jennie looked pale and discomposed, and was more silent and reserved than usual.

"Are you ill, Miss Le Roy, or am I an unwelcome visitor?" he asked, unable to endure the suspense it cost him.

"Neither," said Jennie, hesitatingly, "or at least, not unwelcome to me, but—but—I wish you would not come here again at present. My father is displeased; and perhaps I have done wrong in receiving you without his knowledge."

It evidently cost her a great struggle to say this, and she colored painfully under his searching gaze, as she

did so.

"He knew nothing of my coming then?"

"No, I believe not," said Jennie, with downcast eyes.

"Miss Le Roy, did you mean to deceive him, and beset me, with the vain hope that I might one day win a return of the passionate love I bear you, for the pleasure of casting me off at last?" said he, passionately.

"O, must I believe that you, whose image is enshrined in the holiest recesses of my heart, could deceive me with the wiles of a coquette?"

"No, no," said Jennie, "do not believe it."

He got up and paced the floor as he said this, and at last stopping before her, he said, "I see how it is. I ought not to blame you that I have deceived myself with false hopes. I should have known better that to raise my eyes to one so far above me in wealth and station. I should have known that your friends would scorn me, and that with your education, intellect, and high social position, you yourself would look down on one so poor, unpolished and superficial as myself; and only tolerate my presence from motives of generous pity. But it is all over now. I shall trouble you no more by my presence. I go, and must bid you an everlasting farewell."

"Edward," she sobbed, "it were better I knew, but I cannot allow one to whom I owe my life to go, believing that I have carelessly deceived and sported with his feelings. I was grateful for the great service you rendered me at first; and my treatment of you since has ever been but a reflex of my feelings. What can I say more?"

"Say, O say that you do return my fond love."

"Well, I do, though I ought not to say it."

"O, may I believe this, dear Jennie," said he.

"It is true, what else is false," said she, blushing.

"And yet you bade me leave you."

"I knew not that you cared for me then, and only did as my father bade me."

"And is there nothing that will win his favor but the gold for which so many give their lives?"

"I fear not; he has ever favored the richest of my suitors."

"Then I will remove mountains but what I will win it, if you will wait for me, dear Jennie. I have this very day received a tempting offer to go to the land of gold, which for your sake I will accept to-morrow. If I win what I go to seek, I will return and claim your hand. If I die, drop a tear to one who loves you better than life."

"It were a pity to spoil such a beautiful romance as this," said Jennie's father, stepping out from behind the shadowy damask window curtain, and looking from one to the other with a quizzical air. "I little thought," he continued, "when I dropped off into a dose upon that window seat this evening, that I was to be a witness in my dreams of such an interesting theatrical performance as this."

Both gazed upon the old gentleman for a moment in astonishment; and then Jennie, with the exclamation "Father!" upon her lips, sank into a seat, and covered her face with her hands, while Edward drew himself up proudly and defiantly, as if prepared for a storm, being none the less astounded at his sudden appearance, than at the discovery that it was the father of the girl he loved so fondly, whose life he had saved upon the railroad.

There was a silence of some minutes, and then the old gentleman said, "Do you remember me, young gentleman?"

"I think I do," said Edward drily.

"And do you think I owe you anything?"

"A few curses, perhaps, for stealing your daughter's heart."

"And how much gold for the life you perilled your own to save?"

"None. I never peril my life for gold."

"Ah, but you do it everyday; and

did I not hear you just now, offering to do it for Jennie?"

"That is a different matter altogether, and for her no sacrifice were too dear."

"I see, you value her life a great deal higher than mine; but it suits me just now to estimate both at the same price. You evidently think me a stingy old fellow, who values a copper higher than he does his life; and I shall have to give you my Jennie, and my whole fortune, before you will change your mind."

"You mock me," said Edward, disdainfully.

"We will see. Come here Jennie."

She obeyed tremblingly.

"Now, Jennie, is what you told this young fellow just now true, about loving him, and so on?"

"Yes, father," said Jennie, hanging her head.

"And you love her, do you sir?"

"Better than the whole world beside," said he.

"Well, then, I shall not be the one to separate you; for my daughter's happiness is more precious to me than my whole fortune. It is true, Edward Lovell, that I should not have selected one in your station for my daughter's husband; but knowing that she has made her own choice, and that it has fallen upon one to whom I owe a deep debt of gratitude, I cheerfully acquiesce in her decision; and the more readily, as I know she has chosen worthily."

"I am deeply grateful for your kindness and forbearance," said Edward; "but how know you aught of my merits?"

"Do not think because you avoided my acquaintance, that my watchful eyes have not been upon you," said Le Roy, smilingly. "I heard of your filial devotion; of your triumphant resistance of strong temptations; of your native talent, courage, and nobleness of soul, till I learned to admire your character; and unknown to you, my influence as director of the road, has been at work in your behalf ever since our first fortunate meeting. But for all that, I did not know that it was your mother to whom I sent my daughter in the country, at the recommendation of a friend, or your mother's son I bade her dismiss the other day from her presence."

"Nor did I know that you were Miss Le Roy's father till this evening, as I had heard you called by another name," said Edward, smiling.

Jennie was surprised to find that her father and Edward knew each other. Mutual explanation followed, and the evening passed pleasantly to all parties. Before long the old firm of Philip Le Roy received the addition of a new partner in Jennie's husband, who proved a valuable acquisition to the establishment.

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Will come next Summer to
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